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THE
SOUTH DOWNS.

A

POEM.

AGRESTEM TENUI MEDITABOR ARUNDINE MUSAM.

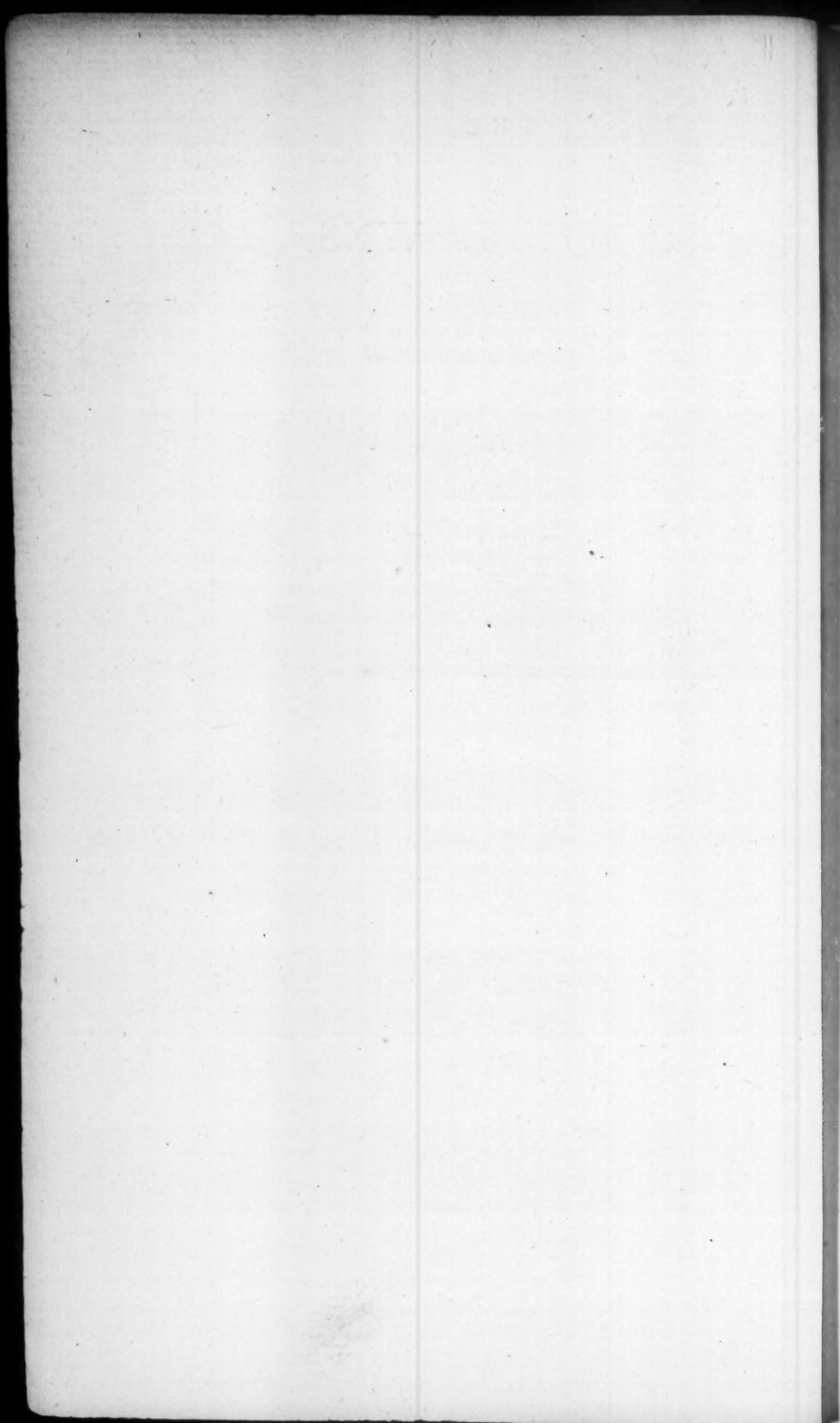
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ADVERTISEMENT.

FREQUENT admiration of some of the most delightful scenes in Nature, gave rise to the following publication. But local enthusiasm suggested the attempt without producing that energy of sentiment and diction so necessary for its due execution. Fidelity of description is the author's best substitute for poetic spirit : And for the triteness or temerity of his miscellaneous observations, rectitude of intention is his honest apology.

The errors of every page are abundantly sufficient to characterize the whole as a *maiden Essay* : And all the *Essayist* presumes to hope or solicit from the tribunal of professional criticism, is that its *Censure* be not unaccompanied by *Instruction*.

CONTENTS.

THE subject	Line 1
Invocation	9
General Description of the <i>Downs</i>	15
The Mowers	55
Hay-Makers	63
Reapers	77
Commercial Avarice	85
Monopoly	93
Excise	114
Mankind equal in civil rights as well as in physical Essence	127
That equality not incompatible with the inviolability of private property	145
Nobility	161
A monied Aristocracy	189
The Constitution	213
Great private Wealth dangerous to Freedom	225
And injurious to public Morality	241
Just Trade	257
Blessings of Husbandry	290
The Vicar	309
Alcanor	317
A rustic Dinner	327
The Shepherd and his Flock	357
Goodness of the Air	371
Face of the Downs	391
Chalk-Pit	403
Its Proofs of the General Deluge	409
Shepherd's Condition	461
Swallow-	

CONTENTS.

Swallow-shooting	-	Line 487
Flowers	-	530
Fairy-Rings	-	563
Windmills	-	567
The River Ouse	-	575
Fishing	-	589
The Country when a Desert	-	665
The Regni	-	685
The Romans	-	705
Saxons	-	716
Danes	-	740
Normans	-	761
Lewes	-	820
St. Pancras's Priory	-	845
Magnus	-	867
The Brookes	-	973
The Race-Course	-	995
Cruelty to Horses	-	1007
The Battle of Lewes	-	1051
Stanmer	-	1071
Brightelmston	-	1083
The Weald	-	1151

THE

THE
SOUTH DOWNS. (A)

A

P O E M.

SHALL I who oft this velvet verdure prest,
Still roam in silence, an unthankful guest;
In vacant wonder, like th' unletter'd clown,
Survey the Beauties of the spreading *Down*?
On Caburn's flow'ry top, in dulcet lay, 5
Those beauties once rehears'd the gentle HAY, (B)
While tripp'd the Nymphs and Fauns in festive
throng:
The same our subject, not our pow'rs of song.

Emphatic spirit, which the bleeding bard
Expir'd when ARTHUR with the Saxon warr'd, 10

(A) These letters refer to Notes at the end of the Poem:

B

Where'er

Where'er thou hover'st, in sequester'd vale,
Or forest gloom, or rid'st the mountain gale,
My breast inform, at Nature's ample shrine
While thus I consecrate the votive line.

Here glows sublime her many colour'd hood, 15
And there her tassel'd drap'ry of the wood :
Her graffy *Combe* (C) concludes the swelling slope,
The fragrant rival of her painted cope :
Her cultur'd bosom heaves with yellow grain :
Her flocks the mountain, herds adorn the plain : 20
Her winding rivers court the scented shade :
Her forests warble to the chequer'd glade :
The hind her vales, the shepherd loves her hills ;
The loom her staple, and the mead her rills :
Here lurks the bosom'd hamlet ; there the town 25
In bold ascension climbs the whitening Down :
In chalky contrast to the skirting green,
The road romantic winds along the *Dene*,
Where Echo soothes the love-sick songster's mind,
Or mocks the laughter of the trudging hind. 30

The VIRGIN, aptly grac'd with wheaten ear,
Now guides the chariot of the turning year ;
Intensely smiling in autumnal rays,
Now gilds the rip'ning scene with solar blaze ;
The tepid ocean gaily silvers o'er, 35
Nature's great mirror spread from shore to shore,
Reflecting pendent woods, cliffs, batt'ries, ports,
The frigate's flagging sail that vainly courts
The absent Zephyrs, Shags that basking stand,
With maw distent along the rocky strand, 40
The argent clouds that fret yon blue expanse,
The Kite's libration, and the Halcyon's glance,
The prowling Rav'n, to whose prognostic sense,
No hope of prey the taintless gale presents,
The Mew and Chough, with beak of Tyrian die, 45
Which hunt the Porpoise with alternate cry,
The wading fisher, and the clam'rous boy
Who hails his mates on board the distant hoy.
Delightful prospects ! where the wand'ring eye
Beholds Heav'n, Earth and Ocean jointly vie 50
To furnish scenes that Gods themselves may view,
And at each look discover something new ;

Where Industry and Nature, hand in hand,
The landscape grace, and fertilize the land.

In stooping rows along the nether foil, 55
Mark how the sturdy, straddling mowers toil :
In sweeps how unison ! they trim the vales
While falling flow'rets sigh in fragrant gales.
To whet the gleaming scythe erect they stand ;
How dex'trous moves each brawny, sunburnt hand ! 60
While rapid *Rifles* * in shrill measure glide,
And meadow concerts swell on ev'ry side.

Here hoary age, and beauty's artless glow,
With fork and rake contract the fading row :
The village children there, a bust'ling band, 65
Outspread the new shorn treasures of the land,
Or rudely ted the scented, half-made hay,
Till something calls th' unsteady group away,

* The pieces of wood covered with emery, with which mowers whet their scythes, are in Sussex called *rifles*, perhaps by corruption from *ripple*.

The

The flitting butterfly or gaudy glare
Of passing grandeur in her stately car ; 70
Or, if a treasure of wild honey's found,
With rival pace the little plund'lers bound
And scramble all, till th' artists of the cell,
With vengeful sting, the weeping troop repel ;
Just type of what awaits their riper years, 75
The cup of pleasure deeply mixt with tears !

Where Autumn paints the rip'ning ear with gold,
The ruddy reapers at their toil behold
Along the sultry fields. Hail ! useful hinds,
With vig'rous bodies, and untainted minds. 80
By your coarse hands the haughty peer is fed ;
To You the Nation owes its daily bread :
Your jocund labors are its real wealth,
And to Yourselves the unbought source of health.

Commercial Av'rice, thirst of baleful gain, 85
O'er sickly Sheffield still protract thy reign :
Let Birmingham her short-liv'd sons employ ;
And her pale myriads Manchester enjoy :

But never may our Sussex vales behold
Such fatal labor, tho' its price be gold. 90

T'enrich *one* man by such pernicious trade,
A thousand human victims must be made,
All victims to a plodding, bloated fiend,
Whose av'rice knows no bounds, whose strides no end;
Pale Mammon's daughter, of gigantic frame, 95
Voracious, shrewd, *Monopoly* her name.
Degraded Industry supports her throne,
And all our wealth she nearly calls her own.
With charter'd pride she scours the Indian plain;
And hapless Afric yields her bloody gain. 100
For her do Britons delve in noxious mine,
And o'er the deadly manufacture pine.
Yet public rev'rence to this monster's paid,
Because forsooth she helps t'extend our trade. (D)

These crude remarks may Britain deign perpend, 105
And duly note in what such trade must end.
The Nation's sinews are that hardy race,
Whom health inspires, and active labors brace:

In

In airy workshop, or afield they dwell ; 109

But change their station, health and strength farewell !

" Such trade and labor fill the public purse."

Their vigor wasted is a public curse,

Which nor their master's *plum*, nor premier's dream

Of *import duties*, ever can redeem.

Those duties what ? Do they enrich the land ? 115

Excise but cheats us with a juggler's hand ;

One pocket rifles while the other's spar'd :

As well might both the fiscal sleight have shar'd.

Just taxes, treasur'd in the Nation's chest,

Are tributes of our wealth to guard the rest. 120

Those in *proportion* let the State receive ;

The richest man the greatest tribute give :

But bid the Cottage and the garret poor

Taxation's galling weight no more endure,

No treasure theirs ; existence all they have : 125

A tax on them's like *chevage* * on the slave.

Is Nature partial ? In the genus, *Man*,
What grov'ling Species dares even pride to scan ?

* A sum paid by the *villain*, or feudal slave to his lord.

Whom organis'd to loll in pamper'd State,
While others drudge the *Calibans* of fate? 130
In rights and *essence* human nature's even ;
And for superiors man must look to Heaven.
Religion, Age and Magistracy claim
Respect from all ; and so doth virtuous fame
By talents, industry or valour earn'd ; 135
No other difference in mankind's discern'd :
None made by glitter of Peruvian earth ;
By length of pedigree or titled birth,

A *Leveller* shall I be call'd ? What then ?
I'd equalize the *rights* of equal men. 140
Man still is man, in rags or robes array'd ;
Who wields a sceptre, or who plies a spade.
Tis worth exalts him ; vices that debase :
'Tis mind alone stamps honour or disgrace.
Let *property* inviolate remain ; 145
But human *rights* let human *laws* maintain.
His costly cates let wealthy *VORAX* gorge,
But for his *peers* no golden fetters forge :

Let

Let pension'd SUPPLE, with his gilded train,
 Respect his *equa l*in the miry lane : 150
 Their glittering infamy let Wh—s increase,
 But in our Senate prostitution cease :
 Let pimps and sharpers keep their guilty gain,
 But unimpair'd our civic rights remain.
 Let purse proud DISCOUNT and his dame more

proud, 155

Usurp no rights or rev'rence from the crowd :
 That crowd, beneath them but in wealth and vice,
 In social calculation justly nice,
 Great Nature's charter now refuse to yield
 To glare of Mammon or fantastic shield. 160

I quarrel not with *Title*'s tawdry note,
 Mere tinsel on Humanity's furcoat,
 The barb'rous tissue of despotic times,
 Designed to garnish and compensate crimes,
 Which modern worth too often deigns to wear, 165
 Like Belisarius in his Beggar's gear.
 That gorgeous mantle fades in reaſon's eye :
 We ſoon ſhall ſee its tarniſh'd gaudeſ thrown by.

Like popish *Chasuble* *, they're doom'd to sink
 Whene'er the multitude begin to think. 170
 Ev'n now no radiant *star* the shaft repels
 Of censure, from the breast where baseness dwells :
 Nor doth th'embazon'd *Coronet* exempt
Right Honourables from deserv'd contempt.
 How odious in his bloom and dimpled similes ! 175
Lord Sporus whom G-m-rh-'s guilt defiles.
 How hateful, on Eternity's dread brink,
 At infant charms doth gloating *Monops* blink !
 To God and man how damnable the scene !
 Where lech'rous *Eighty* mumbles o'er *Thirteen*. 180
 Satire spares not this brothel patriarch's head,
 Tho' ducal robes his infamy o'erspread.
 Reason which holds each gilded vice to view,
 To Peer and peasant gives alike his due.
 She bids her sons the titled mummer spare, 185
 Few eyes now dazzled by his gewgaw glare.
 Prescriptive pageants give him childish joy ;
 Still leave his feather to the feudal boy.

* The upper vestment worn by the priest at the celebration of mass.

But from our funded debts and farspread trade,
A pow'r ignoble springs our rights t'invade ; 190
A *monied Aristocracy*, that draws
Its strength from Nature's violated laws,
From meek Indostan's desolated plains,
From tortur'd Afric's blood incrusted chains,
From all the knavery of the Alley crew 195
Whose arts the widow and the orphan rue,
From contracts made by favor of a court,
Whose minions *held* the public purse their sport.
Contempt and execration be the lot
Of Wealth by meanness, fraud or rapine got. 200
The o'er grown Trader and the Nabob glare
Like molehills hateful on the green parterre :
Rank, morbid symptoms in their hoards we trace,
Like carbuncles on bloated BIBO's face.
Freedom's convuls'd in plethora of wealth ; 205
Let reason's lancet give the Nation health :
But rust for ever may the savage sword :
'Tis that makes despots rev'renc'd while abhor'd :
Nor less abhor'd the Pseudo-patriot be,
That with the sword wou'd fell hoar Monarchy, 210

Or

Or rouse a frantic, ruthless, rebel band
To drench in civil blood his native land.

Our CONSTITUTION like yon aged Oak,
Requires not *Revolution's* desp'rate stroke.
Its trunk and boughs tho' courtly moss o'erspread, 215
Sound is its heart, and green its rev'rend head.
While intercepts Corruption Freedom's ray,
Let Patriot ardour reason's voice obey.
Virtue recoils at Insurrection's storm :
Let reason guide, convince, refute, REFORM. 220
Her awful voice that harpy tribe will scare,
The Nation's wealth too long inur'd to share ;
Will firm assert the humblest Briton's right
'Gainst purse-proud insolence and titled might.

She now exclaims, " Beware of *Wealth's abuse*, 225
" By Petalism restrain'd in Syracuse.
" Its smooth, invasive pow'r the *Gracchi* (E) saw
" Ere they reviv'd the fage *Licinian law*."
Illustrious patriots ! bent on public good,
Its dauntless champions, lavish of their blood, 230
Superior

Superior to their native order's pride,
They boldly stemm'd th' *Aristocratic* tide.
But *Wealth* the cry of *Innovation* rais'd ;
Oppress'd they fell, abandon'd, wept and prais'd.
Here freedom's friends proceed on safer ground, 235
With hosts of fellow patriots rang'd around.
The brightest names on Britain's feudal roll,
Display a Gracchian heart, a Roman soul :
Above the blazon of a Gothic field,
They quarter human right on Freedom's shield. 240

Another evil yet remains untold ;
The public *morals* are debauch'd by *gold*,
By *gold*, which leads the grov'ling heart astray,
Treads virtue down, and guilt invests with sway.
Observe the wealthy trader's upstart brood : * 245
How vain, luxurious, insolent and lewd !
What vice the proudest coronet can stain,
But *Miss Japan* and spruce *Sir Chintz* attain ?

* To this general imputation there are not a few respectable, I might have said illustrious, exceptions.

What

What taste ! what pageantry ! what airs ! what gaudes !
What lackeys, pintails, milliners and bawds ! 250
The state's infected by the noxious train :
Blēst fruits of prosp'rous trade ! vast public gain !
To force these mushrooms what expence of health !
How many lives are barter'd for their wealth !

But tho' that wealth such ill effects produce, 255
We should not judge of *Trade* from its *abuse* :
For honest Trade is built on Nature's plan,
The needful intercourse of social man.
Lo ! ev'ry kingdom, ifle and province bears
Some copious produce, some redundant wares, 260
Which, chang'd for others, sweeten human life
Without commercial fraud or bloody strife,
Thus Dalecarlia sends her martial ore
To regions rich in grain or fleecy store :
Thus from exuberant vineyards nectar flows 265
To climes in which no vintage cluster glows :
And, in return, those climes some product yield
From forest, quarry, ocean, loom or field :

The

The links of commerce, less'ning still in size,
The village, hamlet, household last comprise. 270
So rolls, from Abyssinian spring, the Nile,
In liquid fatness thro' parch'd Egypt's soil:
From wide canals she drinks the fruitful tide;
Next smaller ducts behold its riches glide,
Diffus'd at last in little transverse rill, 275
Till its mild Naiads all the country fill.
Let not *Monopoly*, with harpy maw,
That trade ingorge, nor give the Nation law;
No venal minister nor senate lead,
Nor India rifle while her children bleed : 280
Ne'er more let trading juntoes thrive by wars,
While British legions barter life and scars.

Too far, I ween, my devious steps have trac'd
The labyrinth of politics drear waste,
Where rotten boughs delude the patriot's grasp ; 285
His courtly vipers ; stings the party wasp.
The muse, disgusted, seeks the artless swain,
The hill romantic, and the cultur'd plain.

How

How diff'rent from Ambition's pallid suite !
Are all that here her homeward progres meet. 290
Ne'er let the happy husbandman repine,
Whose labors thus in golden prospect shine.
Bright health his cheek, content illumes his eye ;
His brow no care deforms, his breast no sigh.

Be not the *sweets of toil* the hind's alone : 295
To higher ranks the self-made bliss be known.
While incense breathes the morn, each studious sage,
With shining spade, turn Nature's healthful page.
Let Nimrod squires, who sweep the mountain's brow,
Preserve their necks, and guide the delving plough. 300
The Roman warrior doff'd his helm and shield
To raise him pot-herbs in the labor'd field.
When Heav'n condemn'd the human race to toil
And draw subsistence from a stubborn soil,
Th' affected anger of Jehovah's breast 305
Compriz'd true blessings in the stern behest,
That toil, in fall'n state, our greatest good,
Our penance, med'cine, entertainment, food.

So thinks yon Levite, whose industrious hand
Draws health and profit from the grateful land. 310
The neighbouring bank, with larkspur gaily spread,
Is not more fruitful than his nuptial bed,
Nor yet more blooming than the infant group
In lisping love that round the vicar troop,
Whose active hours the best of duties share, 315
His garden, flock, and family his care.
And so *Alcanor* * thinks, whose lyre and spade
Alternate rest within the classic shade :
This strenuous rears the garden's spicy tribes ;
That Flora's sweets in strains more sweet describes.
In conscious bloom his little Eden stands, 321
Describ'd and cultured by poetic hands.
Apollo's bays there ever verdant grow,
To grace the garden and the gard'ner's brow,
E'en, proud of fame, trots *Dorothy* along, 325
Secure of charming in her master's song.

* The Rev. *James Hurdis*, rector of Bishopston near Seaford, and author of *The Village Curate* and other justly admired poems.

Each harvest train, while noon intensely glows,
Now leave their work for dinner and repose.
Their scrips untied, they press the grassy shade,
The swelt'ring hind beside the ruddy maid. 330
How sweet their sauce! unknown to pamper'd wealth,
The piquant relish of laborious health.
The thrifty Robin's their familiar guest;
The lark and linnet minstrels of the feast.
Now yields the gurgling keg a racy draught, 335
By thirsty labor how delicious quaff'd!
And while the can revives their rustic wit,
With homely point each jest is sure to hit.
“ Ned like a beggar chews: Tom bolts his prog:
“ And snuffling Sam feeds like a hungry hog.” 340
“ What? Sal has qualms.” “ Yes: Deb, the
“ gypsey, saw
“ Sal meet a river-cutter in the Shaw.”
“ And if so be she did, what's that to Tom?
“ Meddlers mayhap had better look at home.”
“ Well; what's at home?” “ The maker of thy
horns. 345
“ Poor man! they shoot like Mother Attrée's corns.”

Now

“ Now kicks her bantling as the Midwife’s nam’d.”
 “ When sings the Cuckoo, Cuckolds be ashamed.”
 “ Sal’s brat will have her spirit, I suppose.”
 “ And Tom’s will have”—“ What, vixen?”
 “ Pap’s own nose.” 350
 “ Surely the wench has got a precious tongue.”
 “ Aye, and the dropsy, if she ben’t with young.”
 “ Sam brays again. How like old Balaam’s *ass!*”
 “ How oft has *thine*—She whimpers: Let it pass.”

From laugh and ribaldry the blushing muse 355
 Her upward flight to yon bold brow pursues,
 Where, couch’d on flow’ring thyme, the basking
 swain

Looks like the Lord of all the nether plain.
 Dispers’d on high, recline his woolly care ;
 Nor in the Zodiac glitters aught more fair. 360
 The spangled convex of that tow’ring hill,
 Is rich in stars that never boded ill :
 Their magnitude is various ; first the ram ;
 The ewe is next, and last the silver lamb ;

A dog-star too each straggler to secure, 365
The flock's and shepherd's well known *Cynofure*.

These florid *Downs* no barren rocks deform :
Within no fire consumes, without no storm.
No bird or beast of prey disturbs the swain :
No dire distempers mar his master's gain. 370
Health's balmy Genius breathes the mountain breeze,
And Zephyrs that perfume the nether trees.
Hail ! kindly spirit of the quiv'ring air,
Who mak'st these smiling scenes thy constant care,
Who bid'st rough Boreas chase, thro' azure void, 375
Those brooding ills which else had man destroy'd ;
Without whose breath the prison'd Wretch decays,
And Greece to death her thousand victims pays ;
Pure parent of the cheering western gales
That fan Montpelier and Bermuda's vales ; 380
Who mak'st *Maria*'s lips and cheeks to glow,
Her bosom blanch'd beyond the virgin snow ;
Who fill'st yon ruddy village train with glee,
Thy genial influence deign to shed on me :

Again life's current freely bid to flow, 385
And all the blessings of *Hygeia* know :
Bid my parch'd lungs the fresh'ning ether draw,
And fainting Muse fulfil the Critic's law,
While lift my Doric reed the vales around,
And vocal mountains their own praise resound. 390

Here sinuous sink the *Dene* and winding *Combe* ;
The ridge there rises like a Giant's tomb :
While here sublime the blunted cone is seen,
There spreads the summit in a level green.
A verdant vest each hill majestic wears, 395
Except where art its snowy bosom bares,
Or time unturfs its ample, craggy side,
Which like an apron looks, that vest to hide,
Where Bugloss blue, and golden Stonecrop stand,
Fair flow'rs embos'd by sempstres Nature's hand ; 400
And th' ancient line, by Dane or Saxon trac'd,
A Zone appears for its Batavian waist.

Oft, like the Pelican's, its bowels yield
 Parental fatness to the subject *Weald* : *
 A nitrous dose the dusty miner plies, 405
 Then fires his train, and from the ruin flies.
 The hill convuls'd emits a thund'ring sound,
 And chalky fragments falling shake the ground.

There may the man, who errs thro' sceptic pride,
 Conviction read in th' unrob'd mountain's side, 410
 Where Nature's records have for ages stood,
 The deep inscription of a *gen'ral flood*.
 Forth summon'd Nature's God the cavern'd deep,
 And Monsters from their subterranean sleep.
 Straight bask'd Leviathan in open day, 415
 And fill'd offending nations with dismay.
 Here towns their thousands pour upon the hills;
 There clamb'ring guilt the topmost Cedar fills,
 Or lofty roof surmounts; but all in vain:
 Fast swells the turbid, universal main. 420

* The woody lowlands of Sussex, so called from the Saxon *reald*, a wood or forest, the great forest of *And-nefer-þald*, having formerly covered that part of the Country, now called the *Weald*.

Now

Now bathes their shrinking limbs the yellow tide,
Where flocks, herds, studs and sculls promiscuous
ride :

Next brush a thousand fins their trembling breasts :
Their heads at last the fatal flood invests,
And sweeps the wretches with its whelming surge, 425
Design'd by Heav'n a guilty world to purge.
Aghast their brethren on the upland wait
The rapid progress of diluvian fate :

The circle narrows ; angry billows post ;
The verdure vanishes ; their hopes are lost. 430
A dismal dirge now rends the dripping air :
Now hush'd in death the accents of despair,
Except where still, to eke devoted life,
Around the tallest, clings his floating wife :
But shott their respite ere th' indignant wave 435
Configns them struggling to the gen'ral grave.

So, when Tornadoes rush from angry skies,
Afric's avengers for her children's cries,
Fierce thro' the forest roar, and strow the plain
With all the Planter's hope and cruel gain, 440

A tow'ring cane, by tendrils claspt around,
His kindred prostrate, still maintains his ground;
A while resists the Heav'n commission'd blast,
And rolls, uprooted, o'er the plain at last.
Dread vengeance thus with due distinction hurl'd. 445
Just Noah's bark survives a punish'd world.
In ferment and collision now appear
The floating fragments of the delug'd sphere.
Next, righteous Heav'n's avenging work complete,
In gradual wane the muddy waves retreat; 450
And macerated particles subside
With each alluvion of the menstrual tide:
Each tide, a stratum swells the growing Isle,
And shell-fish lodge within the oozy pile.
Calcareous paste and fictile flint compose 455
The chequer'd base on which these *Downs* arose,
Where stll, deepcas'd in flint or chalky stone,
Resides the Limpet; where enshrin'd the bone.

Each pastur'd mountain vaunts its fleecy store
As rich as that which bleating Colchis bore. 460
But

But while the treasure we delighted view,
With kindly eye its guards be notic'd too.
No bulls with brazen feet, nor dragons They
Whose friendly voice the wand'ring flocks obey.
By morn's gray dawn they led them forth to eat 465
The spangled trefoil, and the fescue sweet,
And thro' the tedious day their charge attend,
Till in the fallow fold at eve they're penn'd.
Since Abel's time and that of envious Cain,
More blest the husbandman than shepherd swain : 470
With cheerful labor *that* beguiles the day ;
This drooping faunters in the summer ray.
Now mark him while adown the fragrant steep,
His panting flock or ruminate or sleep :
He yawns unskill'd to read the moral tale, 475
Or with his pipet cheer the list'ning vale.
Our Shepherds, train'd on ancient Egypt's plan,
Thy starry page, Astronomy, cou'd scan.
In clime no Andalusian swain more blest ;
Nor more affection in Arcadian breast. 480
We labor to improve the woolly kind,
But how neglectful of the Shepherd's mind !

His

His docile dog's the marshal of the plain,
Instruction wou'd as much improve the swain.

The past'ral life was priz'd in days of yore : 485
Unite, my friends, and its lost joys restore. (F)

Explosion frequent strikes the Muse's ear,
As if Bellona's thund'ring field were near.

Yon flash and smoke denote a savage scene
Where wounded swallows press the village green. 490

In vain the rapid Martin winds on high,
Unwearied chamberlain of th' ambient sky :

In vain she sweeps the stagnant fields of air,
Destroys the fly, and makes our health her care.

An half bred Squireling and the rustic band 495
Who coarse, yet cringing, round "his honor" stand,
Against her life their vile artill'ry ply :

Loud leaden missives of destruction fly.

How just the vengeance ! were that kindred lead
To lodge, attracted, in each booby's head. 500

Now bids the tube, where guides a murd'rous eye,
With voice of hell, a benefactress die.

See

See nought alas ! her services avail ;
Her boyant pinion, nor the rudder tail.
Whirling astant, she mangled meets the ground ; 505
With shatter'd limbs now vainly strives to bound :
Now feebly flutt'ring warns her hov'ring mate ;
But warns in vain : He courts his confort's fate ;
Nor courts it long before the winged shot
Consigns him bleeding to the tragic spot. 510
Faint gleams a welcome from her languid eye :
Now closing fast, it calls on him to die.
So, *Pætus*, labor'd an heroic wife
To guard and cherish thy long threaten'd life :
But when at last the tyrant's hate decreed 515
That ward and guardian shou'd together bleed,
The dagger seizing with a fearless hand,
She firm anticipated his command :
Her breast transfix'd, thy *Arria*'s parting breath
Sigh'd the soft summons to an easy death. 520
Forbear, ye sanguinary blockheads ; do :
Or if you must such bloody sport purfue,
Yon field protect where hoots the parish boy,
And sparrows prey : That felon flock destroy.

If

If Nature's commoners be grudg'd a grain, 525
 There point your guns ; yet give no needless pain :
 Quick let the culprits, when they flutt'ring fall,
 Receive that death which Nature dooms for all.

The son of Lux'ry, who delighted views
 His figur'd carpet rich in eastern hues, 530
 May here admire the gaily vestur'd Down
 By Nature's hand more beautifully strown,
 Where simile Euphrasia's * valves of various die,
 At once to captivate and heal the eye.
 The tints and perfumes of his costly room, 535
 To purple wild thyme yield with od'rous bloom.
 Can curtain folds and fretted cielings vie
 With silver clouds and yon cerulean sky ?
 His couch of state is gorgeous to behold : 539
 Here's *Lady's bedstraw*, deep bedropp'd with gold,
 And *Lady's finger*, ting'd with hues more clear,
 That drinks its radiance from the solar sphere.

Here, lovely woman, bend thy walks, and see
 Th' unletter'd botanists regard for Thee. 544

* *Eyebright*

His

His star from **GEORGE** in vain did *Herschel* name ;
Reas'n now demurs 'gainst flatt'ry's venal fame.
But, nam'd from Thee, the flow'rs of hill and dale
O'er learned catalogues shall still prevail.
Unskill'd to classify the brilliant tribes,
The fairest by the *Fair* the swain describes. (G) 550
Nature's gay robes to thee a *Mantle* yield :
How priz'd thy *Slipper* in th' enamel'd field !
How sweet thy *Cushion* spreads ! Thy tissu'd *Grafs*
What millinery splendor can surpass ?
Thy leafy *Bow'r* the raging Dog-star checks : 555
Thy *Seal* the hedge with pendent beauty decks :
And in the vale thy virgin *Smock* is blown,
In whiteness second to thy neck alone.

High pil'd with Furze, a prickly freight for town,
The waggon moves along the ridgy Down. 560
The team sublime a heav'ly wain appears ;
Its tinkling crests, the music of the Spheres.

Fay-footed circles, here a lively green,
And there embrown'd, diversify the scene.

So, haughty prude, thy fairy charms shall fade, 565
 And rip'ning misses mock the wither'd maid.

The Mountain tops revolving windmills grace,
 And, like proud bullies, buffet yielding space.
 How vast their rapid arms ! how constant move !
 Not rais'd Briareus such 'gainst trembling Jove. 570
 Where beacons once announc'd approaching war,
 Our peaceful food those bright machines prepare,
 The sailor's landmarks in the channel tide,
 The types of plenty, and the prospect's pride. 574

The OUSE beneath, old *Andred*'s placid son,(H)
 In flow meanders rolls his waters on :
 Averse he winds in briny waste to lose
 Th' enchanting scenes on either bank he views,
 As turns the ling'ring school-boy oft to greet
 The lessening summit of his natal seat. 580
 Both Art's and Nature's choicest gifts he bears,
 Th' inverted landscape, and the trader's wares ;
 Vain shadow *that*, nor less delusive *these*,
 False types of bliss which Av'rice ne'er can seize.

Unseen

Unseen both hull and tide, the bellying sail 585
Majestic moves along the fedgy vale,
While at its progres on the wat'ry maze,
Like magic movement, wond'ring strangers gaze.

Where wooes the fwoln stream its topmost banks,
Grotesque are seen the bounding peasant's pranks. 590
The plashy margin while he presses prone,
To festive Afric less distortion's known :
Yet trammel'd pride with all her borrow'd grace,
Her mimic motions, airs and measur'd pace,
Claims less attention than the awkward hind 595
Who prances there the silver eel to find.
Iimmers'd the lurching basket, from the mud
Delicious store he *treads* (I) of human food.
My friend, be cautious lest the treach'rous foil
Dismiss thee headlong with thy writhing spoil, 600
And, chang'd of both the late condition, they,
The spoilers then, make thy bloat corse their prey.
If human life must feed the eddy's wave,
There listless Lux'ry find a liquid grave ;

But

But fate untimely may the hind ne'er know, 605
Whose active days in useful labor flow.

While rouz'd, the smaller eels, by false alarm
Of splashing feet, encounter real harm,
The worm, slow writhing on the *Bobber's* thread,
Allures the larger from their oozy bed. 610
Eager they bite: Within the guileful bait
Their teeth, entangled, prove the hooks of fate.
Each tug the fisher feels, and straight to land,
Suspended, hauls them with a rapid hand.
So feeds the Epicure at city feast, 615
Till man intemp'rate sinks a bloated beast:
The glutton tugs amain; pants hard for breath,
And, caught by liqu'rish tooth, is *bobb'd* by Death.

But why a living bait, insensate use?
The mode inhuman deprecates the Muse. 620
For shame! grave **BIBLIUS**, stor'd with ev'ry saw
That study gleans from Prophets and the Law:
Yonder, with worm impal'd, he angling stands:
What ling'ring murder by his priestly hands!

Say,

Say, rev'rend reptile, were thy pamper'd frame 625
On stake Mahometan to feel the same,
The barb'rous deed, unmov'd wou'd Heav'n survey ?
With Turkish torture why a brother slay ?
The humble kindred, rector, dost thou scorn ?
Thy Maker his ; of the same earth he's born. 630
'Tis *substance* feels ; impassible the *Soul*.
Shou'd mercy teach, and savage taste control.
Except what social and immortal state
May suffer from the tort'ring hand of fate,
Impartial Heav'n wou'd view with equal eye, 635
By pain thy Bishop and a Brandling die. (K)

Lo ! crime engenders crime : More barb'rous still
With fatal signal stirs the floating quill.
Poor flouncing perch ! by inmost bowels held,
He writhes aloft ; now beats the slimy field ; 640
Convuls'd now dies, with imprecating look
Of vengeance on the hand that baits a hook.
Sneer not, stern Apathy, while thus the Muse
Mild Mercy's path on feeble wing pursues.

D

She

She grants, tho' not convinc'd, that ev'ry fowl 645
And fish and beast was made for Man's control ;
But not for wanton, cruel sport design'd,
The tortur'd play things of a ruthless mind.
Whenever his necessities require
That tenants of the flood or field expire, 650
Quick let them fall : 'Tis Mercy's law behest :
The shorkest way to needful slaughter's best.

The scaly banquet if thy palate crave,
Indulge, but let it not thy heart deprave.
Yon bustling boat beside the flow'ry shore, 655
With casting nets, will yield thee ample store.
The wide mouth'd engine clos'd, at ev'ry pull
The dextrous youths draw forth a various scull :
Behold Carp, Flounder, Roach, Bream, Chub and
Pike,
With fin and tail their meshy prison strike. 660
But there no wanton torture hurts the eye :
A little while they flap, then gasping die.
There, Parson, sinless seek thy fav'rite dish,
Impal'd no worm, excruciated no fish.

How

How wild this region! how sublime to view! 665

Ere human industry the desert knew.

A gloomy sea appear'd the waving wood;

These hills fair isles above the seeming flood.

There roam'd the wolf in rabid lust of prey,

And fill'd the waste with carnage and dismay. 670

The nimble goat, the stag with branchy head,

And timid sheep beneath the felon bled.

Ev'n o'er the bull, when feebler objects fail'd,

By hunger stung, the rav'ous rout prevail'd. 674

Some seize his throat; some from his dewlap hang;

And some his nostrils gore with furious fang:

His lordly head in vain he bellowing shakes;

Beneath his foot in vain the Woodland quakes:

By numbers fell'd, his prostrate vigor strains:

His reeking life-blood now the pack distains: 680

Each hollow plaint his native glades resound,

While untam'd steeds, affrighted, snort around,

And kindred herds with plaints responsive fill

The trembling forest and the distant hill.

Lo ! Man at last explores the bloody soil, 685
T' extend his own monopoly of spoil.

The mould'ring Isthmus cross'd, or circling main,
This tract receives a rude, colonial train,
Who, feoff'd by Nature with the virgin land,
Reduce the wond'ring waste to their com-
mand : 690

By force or cunning sway each bestial brood
That nips the lawn, or roams the shady wood.
Those savage subjects of a savage lord,
With skins his wardrobe, flesh supply his board :
His flocks familiar range the portion'd hill ; 695
Nectareous pails his herds domestic fill :
Trade's infant footsteps mark the barb'rous thore :
The lonely Druid mumbles mystic lore :
The woodman's axe is heard along the Dale :
The hunters' hollow travels on the gale : 700
The Bard's wild notes the hoary cliffs prolong,
While envious Tritons lift his martial song :
The steeds are harness'd to the warrior's car ;
And mastiffs coupled for ferocious war.

But

But vain the valour of the Regnian* coast, 705
When Roman vet'rans press'd its naked host;
Resistance fruitless in th' unequal field,
To laurel'd Legions they despairing yield.
In lieu of Freedom, Rome her manners gave:
The barb'rous Briton shines a polish'd slave; 710
Enervate sees those arts his masters brought
From conquer'd Greece, to conquer'd Albion taught.

But time, whose steady steps, in fateful round,
The range of conquest and dominion bound,
To swarming Goths consign'd luxurious Rome, 715
And hapless Britain to as dire a doom.
'Gainst Pictish rage the Saxon sword she sought:
Against herself that sword perfidious fought:
Nor long had Hengist rais'd his eastern throne,
Ere this fair tract th' advent'rous Ella won. 720
The Lavant's stream his conqu'ring falchion dy'd:
Next blush'd deep Arun with the purple tide:
On Adur's banks the fierce invaders stood,
And scar'd his Nymphs beneath the troubled flood.

* The Regni or Renci were the inhabitants of Sussex, before and during the Roman power in Britain.

Still mark the circled camps and piles of dead, 725
Where lodg'd the Saxon; where he fought and bled,
While fresh recruits his fainting courage cheer,
And doubtful war prolong from year to year.
At last the Regnian fell like Priam's state;
Alike in tedious war, alike in fate. 730
Successive levies thus in vain oppos'd,
A bloody Decade her sad annals clos'd.

The second Heptarchy crown'd Ella's might,
Call'd Suffex from its conquerors and site:
And, his rough race of life and conquest run, 735
The blood stain'd diadem assum'd his son,
Whose name, tho' grac'd by no dire feats of war,
An ancient city and a fortres^{*} bear.

Next lordly ease unnerv'd the Saxon's arm,
And Britain rued once more a northern swarm. 740
Impetuous rapine spread the wily Dane,
The ship his fortres^s, haunts th' affrighted plain,

* Chichester and Cisbury, so called from *Ciffa*, the only surviving Son and Successor of *Ella*.

The trembling village, and the ravag'd town,
The plaintive forest, and the purpled Down.
Hence flying Oreads vainly sought the wood, 745
Or refuge with their sisters of the flood ;
For nymphs of stream and *Weald*, not less dismay'd,
The gory current trod, and crimson'd glade.
Illustrious Alfred's and Athelstan's swords,
In vain repres'd these renovated hordes, 750
In treaty treach'rous, fearless in retreat,
Vagrants in habit, plund'rers in defeat ;
And Edmund, harraf'd by victorious toil,
With Denmark shar'd the tributary soil.
So rush, in myriads, the Laponian mice 755
From Kolan's cavern'd cliffs o'er fields of ice :
The countless Phalanx march in close array,
And ravage regions blest with milder day,
Where floods, and fires, and hinds oppose in vain
Their headlong progres o'er the cover'd plain. 760

Next tow'rds this coast, ambitious William bore
Invasive murder from the Neustrian shore,

His guilty course both priests and furies bless,
With relics * those, and these with dire success :
Rome's sacred banner to the widow's eye, 765
Inscrib'd in gore, displays his *right* on high ;
The right of *conquest* ; bloody right of brutes !
The prince and pirate it alike pollutes.
Scarce had th' invaders press'd the rustling strand,
Ere saw their fleet wide conflagration's brand, 770
Their daring leader's torch to light his way
To certain death or sanguinary sway.
While some applaud the deed, and others blame,
Their armour glistens in the spreading flame :
The glow of thrice three hundred crackling keels, 775
Astonish'd Neptune in his palace feels :
His trembling Nereids fly the hissing flood ;
The dazzled Dryads seek their inmost wood ;
And pale Britannia rues the floating fires,
While Gothic freedom in their blaze expires. 780

* Beside a Banner consecrated by the Pope, this Orthodox Ruffian bore an *Agnus Dei* and one of St. Peter's hairs, to sanctify national robbery and assassination.

Next saw ASTENIA, (L) nymph of gentle mein,
Those tented foreigners o'erspread the green ;
Erewhile insulted by the pirate Dane,
Her limpid stream now kindred Normans drain.
While there the blasphemous pretender pray'd 785
The *God of Peace* his fell designs to aid,
Another sov'reign, by the grace of God,
Whose sacred foot on human rights had trod,
The gallant Harold, whose usurping hand
Had seiz'd the sceptre of his native land, 790
While th' abject multitude, imprest with awe,
Receiv'd the self-elected monarch's law,
Affails his rival : Great the victor's prize :
That guards a crown ; *this* wins it or he dies.
So Pard and Panther, rav'nous, princely pair, 795
With ruffian tooth and nail each other tear,
While views the trembling flock their hard fought
fray,
Doom'd to become the bloody *Conqu'ror's* prey.

A random arrow, sped to Harold's brain,
There clos'd the glories of the Saxon reign : 800

There

There *Battle's* fane the pious murd'rer built,
A massy monument of royal guilt :
There pamper'd monks rever'd their master's crimes,
As pension'd courtiers have in later times.

Still carnage sounds in its appropriate name, 805
Where slaughter'd Myriads fed Ambition's flame :
Still Discord's Demon haunts the bloody scene,
And snuffs the sweets of powder magazine,
The mill his music, food its sable grain ;
There thron'd, he calculates the future slain. 810
Oft, like the tyrant of the brazen bull,
By fermentation or a luckless tool,
He fires the mass—Its wretched *makers* fly
In flames of death, and nitrous smoke on high :
Their relics, scatter'd o'er th' affrighted vale, 815
In widows' tears are bath'd 'mid orphan wail ;
Which he enjoys, on murky cloud reclin'd,
Confess'd a Demon of right royal mind.

What varied Beauties in perspective lie !
Where lofty *LEWES* greets the distant eye, 820
With

With winding ramparts, walls and conic mounts,
With pensile gardens, streets and gelid founts.
Her castle, once the Saxon Thane's abode,
Its base now presses with a crumbling load :
High o'er the town the crazy tow'rs impend, 825
More likely now to crush it, than defend.
Where crops of lances whilom wav'd on high,
Now peace reclines, and Flora feasts the eye :
Where despots frown'd, and clang'd the warrior's
stride,

829

The blackbird sings, and cow'ring schoolboys hide :
Where hostile hosts were watch'd, now strangers view
Successive Scenes, romantic, rich and new :
The flag sublime where oft the Zephyrs woo'd,
War's wavy ensign, crimson type of blood,
Now laundry maids their snowy store display: 835
Invoke their sweethearts for a drying day ;
O'er scandal scraps regale, with gossip glee,
Which Frank, the footboy, overheard at tea,
While lifts the daw, with silent envy stung,
Th' alternate clack of Bet's and Philly's tongue : 840

There

There too the Lover whispers his fond tale,
Yet fears to trust it to the passing gale
Or flow'rs around him, tho' they seem to share
The tints and fragrance of his blushing Fair.

Not far remote, a sacred fabric stood, 845

To PANCRAS rear'd, and skirted by the flood.

Now o'er the vale its humble ruins spread
Like fragments fall'n from the Castle's head.

How low! how lost! the *Pri'ry's* holy walls,
O'er whose remains the mantling ivy crawls, 850

The nightbird's haunt, and pasture for the ewe,
When rugged winter wears his hood of snow.

The Ouse laments its fall; his Nymphs deplore
The prostrate glories of their winding shore.

Who now can tell where its proud columns stood
Its chapter, chapels, ref'ctory for food? 855

The cell where stretch'd the monk his lazy limbs,
Till rous'd to chant his prime or matin hymns?

In that recess beneath the fable cowl,
Some gentle virtues dwelt, and vice as foul: 860

There

There Charity dispens'd in daily dole,
What pious fraud from heirs and widows stole :
There Learning lurk'd, in pedant masque disguis'd,
And His'try, still with all her legends priz'd.

There grateful Superstition daily paid 865
Her pious tribute to the founder's * shade,
While in yon solitary fane unwept,
Unprais'd, unpray'd for, royal Magnus (M) slept.

From Hastings, fatal to their valiant fire,
In grief and rage did Harold's sons retire : 870
But, furnish'd with a bold Hibernian band,
Again the exiles trod their native land,
And vengeance spread o'er th' inauspicious shore
Where Godwin's race were ne'er to flourish more.
There Magnus, forward in the front of fight, 875
A chief unhors'd who seem'd a Norman knight ;

* William de Warren, kinsman and son-in-law to the Conqueror, the first Lord of Lewes and Earl of Surrey after the Norman invasion, founded the Priory of St. Pancras near Lewes, about the year 1078.

Whose

Whose forfeit beaver when the victor rais'd,
On fainting EDNOTH with surprise he gaz'd ;
EDNOTH who long had bask'd in HAROLD's smiles,
Completely vers'd in all the courtier's wiles, 880
Bright EBBA's fire, whose charms had deep imprest
Their flatt'ring semblance in the hero's breast.
With grief and indignation in his eyes,
He bade and help'd his fallen foe to rise,
Who feebly thus exclaims ; " Forbear ! 'tis vain : 885
" Thy ill-tim'd pity but augments my pain.
" Go, tell thy pirate princes in the rear,
" That EDNOTH's slain by thy more valiant spear :
" The news will please." " To prove thy taunts
" untrue,"
Replies the prince with visage bare to view. 890
" Ungrateful Thane, I'll aid thee to retire,
" The leach and guardian of my EBBA's fire."
" Much injur'd youth," he answers with a sigh,
" 'Tis double justice by thy hand to die :
" In arms oppos'd, defrauded of thy love, 895
" Thy utmost hate let dying EDNOTH prove."
" Despair

“ Despair we not,” the melting warrior cries,
“ Thy smiles and EBBA’s yet may bless these eyes.”
“ Nor life,” he faint rejoins, “ is left for me ;
“ Nor EBBA’s smiles, unhappy prince, for thee :
“ She’s OSBERT’s bride : Great WARREN’s
“ steward, here,
“ Subordinate to me, he led the rear ;
“ But now commands supreme.” He cou’d no more,
His wounded lungs emitting spumy gore :
Awhile he struggled for departing breath ; 905
Then wav’d his hand, and clos’d his eyes in death.
With wild and pallid aspect, MAGNUS stood,
Till rous’d by thirst for hated OSBERT’s blood.
“ Wou’d, faithless chief,” he utters with a tear,
“ Thy guilty blood had stain’d some other spear, 910
“ Or EBBA, once by vows betroth’d to me,
“ And plighted hand, had other fire than thee.
“ To OSBERT’s bleeding heart I’ll instant prove
“ That EBBA’s mine by all the rights of love.
“ Were WARREN’s self, th’ usurper of my land, 915
“ To head the battle, this avenging hand

“ Wou’d

" Wou'd make that haughty Norman kiss the shore,

" And pledge his steward in a tide of gore."

But crost'd in vengeance, as in love unblest,

He sees the broken foe pursu'd and press'd ; 920

See Osbert's troops to Irish axemen yield

Their former laurels, and the purple field.

With weighty spoil depart the victor host ;

Again with plund'rous keel infest the coast.

But love-lorn MAGNUS, tir'd of bloody toil ; 925

Abortive conquest, and dishonest spoil,

Forsook, disguis'd, the predatory band,

And stole a hermit thro' the hostile land ;

To these his patrimonial hills retir'd,

Where EBB A dwelt, whom still his soul admir'd, 930

Resolv'd to bid the hated world farewell,

And hide his anguish in a dreary cell,

A meagre Anch'rite doom'd to weep and pray,

Where sport and revels oft beguil'd his day.

Some transient gleams of worldly joy he knew 935

When seen the chase, or martial trumpet blew,

Till recollection fill'd his glist'ning eye,

And fallen grandeur heav'd the hollow sigh.

Oft when he musing crost'd the fragrant plain,
His benediction crav'd the prostrate swain; 940
And Lords, who view'd the warrior in disguise,
Admir'd his step and more than common size.
When first seen EBBA with her happy lord,
That dear as heav'n, and this as hell abhor'd,
The sudden contrast shook his love-craz'd brain; 945
He started, reel'd, and prest the conscious plain.
Encounter'd next, his anguish'd heart they freeze;
Again they pass; but less disturb'd he sees
Her beauteous form grace envy'd OSBERT's side:
A settled gloom she wears: his rival pride 950
Presumes she grieves for MAGNUS, while her charms
Reluctant, passive blesst the Norman's arms.
Ere long her offspring too a comfort prov'd,
The blooming duplicates of her he lov'd.
Of his uncouth appearance, first afraid, 955
They fled his fondness, and clung round the maid:
His garb and voice at last familiar grown,
They seek their Hermit on the wonted Down,
Who hails his visitants with greeting bland,
And gleans them presents with a parent's hand. 960

On Burgh * reclin'd, and fann'd by spicy gales,
 Some drink instruction from his pleasing tales ;
 His hand or flowing beard the younger stroke,
 Bestride his staff, or pull his russet cloak,
 While his fond eyes maternal features trace, 965
 His EBBA's beauty, in each lisper's face.
 His name and former fortune long conceal'd,
 The dying Hermit to his priest reveal'd :
 And still the stone recounts, with letter'd pride,
 That rank and virtue which he strove to hide. 970
 Tho' with no trophies grac'd, nor sculptur'd bust,
 Still men revere, and angels guard his dust.

Like humble worth, behold, on either hand,
 The lowly *Brookes'* luxuriant plain expand, †

* The *Burghs* are those tumulous repositories for the remains of Saxon and Danish warriors, so common on the South Downs.

† *Brooke* is the provincial name for marsh land in this part of Sussex, derived perhaps from *Bruca*, to enjoy, the precarious fertility of those lowlands having been at first given as an appurtenance to the Downish farms.

Where

Where roam sleek steers, from vernal toil releas'd ;
Frisk wanton colts, and lambkins lately fleec'd. 976
But o'er this clime when weeping Hyads turn,
With inundation vast, their teeming urn,
Those verdant carpets chalky billows hide,
And sportive wherries o'er the harvest ride : 980
Or when bleak Boreas crusts the winter flood,
And decks the mountain with a hoary hood,
And sloping hills, in crystal liv'ry dreft,
Th' extensive amphitheatre invest, 984
Where now the mower sweats, shall gunners freeze,
And gliding skaters cleave the northern breeze ;
On foot alternate pois'd, there graceful glance,
And circling play along the bright expanse,
While cuts the lover, from the rest apart,
The name deep graven on his constant heart, 990
The ice his tablet and an emblem true
Of her whose love his sighs in vain perfuse.

From tranquil herds that basking chew the cud,
Th' untainted flock, and yet unbroken stud,

Soar we to scan false pleasure's glitt'ring train 995
Which, bustling, crowds yon elevated plain,
Where busy booths, with flag display'd on high,
And gilded chariots court the passing eye.
There prowl the little sharper and the great ;
There bawds and matrons mix in rival state : 1000
There monkey fashion struts in various shapes ;
The prince the peer, the squire the farmer apes :
There lackey'd coursers move with human pride,
And seem their vulgar brethren to deride,
While noble heralds their fam'd stock can prove
Of fires and grandfires to the tenth remove. 1006
Yet stucco'd stables, grooms and wardrobes gay,
The sum of dear-bought happiness display.
Like pamper'd Eunuch at the Haram's gate,
Each mutilated minion's kept for state. 1010
His tail cut short, kind nature's poise and guard,
With barb'rous hand the bleeding remnant's scarr'd ;
The sinews drawn, and fear'd each weeping vein ;
Next tort'ring pullies eke the wretch's pain.
That mis'ry past, my *Lady Lash* observes, 1015
His ears are large ; they hurt her jockey nerves :

The

The savage knife resum'd, again he bleeds ;
Again laments the bitter fate of steeds.
Condemn'd at last, for some unlucky trip,
To galling harness and the driver's whip, 1020
This quondam fav'rite a gor'd hackney pines
Until his carrion corse the kennel dines.

From muck of Thames-street, when the *Drip-*
pings roam
To visit Bath or Blenheim's princely dome,
To look like somebody, they post with four, 1025
Full forty stone, a dozen miles an hour :
From stage to stage they fly in reeking plight :
The carriage stops ; the smirking cits alight,
And see a mare, to which they ow'd their speed,
Her fore hoofs lost ! in quiv'ring anguish bleed. 1030
While gore and marrow stain the shudd'ring street,
The way-worn victim falls at *Dripping's* feet : *
Th' unfeeling *Deputy* his pencil mends
To note the matter for his city friends ;

* Of this barbarity more than one instance has been lately recorded in the public papers.

The horrid scene his mate congenial views, 1035
And asks the bowing host for country news :
“ Perhaps they’ll grow again,” the daughter whines ;
Then calls the maid ; adjusts her dress, and dines.

Hark ! sounds the signal for the ardent course :
Now reins each rider his impatient horse ; 1040
Prone o’er the lengthy crest now faster speeds
Than fabled Centaur in Theffalian meads.
Forward they press with Pegasean pace ;
Yon brow now double in the panting race.
They strain ; they bleed : how false such joys ! how
short ! 1045

’Tis “ There they go,” and “ Here they come :
“ Fine sport !”
Neglected droops the mellow’d harvest ear
While *Black-legs* reap a golden harvest there.
Such scenes alike the peer and hind deprave ;
This plays the drunken fool, and that the knave. 1050

Yet, Britain, bleſs that memorable spot, (N.)
Where fell the Fleming and auxiliar Scot,
Whose

Whose arms, oppos'd to Nature's kindly laws,
Their *bretbren* flew, to aid a tyrant's cause.
There dying courtiers bit the bloody field ; 1055
Here haughty princes were constrain'd to yield :
There Blunt, who Leic'ster's glorious standard bore,
Fell full of wounds, each wound receiv'd before :
Here gallant Edward vengeful carnage spread ;
There strow'd the vale and forest lanes with dead :
Here trembling Richard in the mill was found ;
De Wilton, martial Justice, there was drown'd :
Fitz-Warren here, another Judge, was slain :
There furious Gloc'ster dy'd the verdant plain.
Here our third Henry, ductile despot, fled : 1065
From twenty wounds there valiant Basset bled :
Impetuous Giffard, dealing deadly blows,
Was here made captive by a thousand foes :
There plausive angels patriot Montfort saw
Give England Freedom, and her monarch law. 1070

The Muse, thence launch'd on aromatic gale,
Her flight arrests o'er *Stanmer's* bosky vale ;

Where still on trophy'd plate the Buckle's borne,
From Gallic king by valiant Pelham torn. (O)
Distinctions yet more glorious there are trac'd, 1075
The human heart with virtues bright enchas'd.
There bounty's hand, and soft compassion's tear
The feeble wretch and suppliant orphan cheer :
There friendship dwells with hospitable brow,
And Hymen, witness of th' unsully'd vow : 1080
There Beauty blooms, by elegance refin'd,
And ev'ry grace of cultivated mind.

Secur'd by verdant mounds from northern gale,
BRIGHTHELMSTON shines in yonder funny vale ;
Ascends the hill, "in gay theatic pride;" 1085
O'erhangs the crumbling cliff, and rolling tide ;
Sees daily pafs by her romantic strand,
The wafted treasures of each foreign land,
In hulls of ev'ry size, from th' humble floop
To the tall Indiaman with pictur'd poop, 1090
Which in perspective, lessen to the eye
To where bright Nereus seems to kiss the sky.

There

There holds Variety her medley reign
O'er hill and valley, promont'ry and main ;
O'er clime and shape claims whimsical control, 1095
And stamps with motley characters the soul.
Now deck'd in smiles, she fans with breezes bland
The silent ocean and the basking land :
Now stalks stupendous in a Demon's form,
And startles Nature with the winged storm : 1100
A clouded sea presents, and funny shore :
Makes vap'ry vales, and gilds the mountains o'er :
The dazzling pit presents, and verdant brow ;
The radiant carriage and the rusting plow :
Contrasts the loud and diffident of tongue ; 1105
The vigorous and feeble ; old and young ;
The hot-brain'd rake and plodder at the desk ;
The shrewd and stupid ; graceful and grotesque ;
The pugilist and quaker ; sage and fool ;
Th' alluring brothel, and the vestal school ; 1110
The gambling peer, and labor's honest son
Who scorns to cheat, and fears no injur'd dun ;
The brawny fisherman and scented fop ;
The longtail'd Frenchman and the fulky crop ;

The

The purse-proud citizen and shabby bard ; 1115
The meek man millener and rough *poiffarde* ;
The beauteous rustic, void of guile or taint,
And wh—e or duchess in her mask of paint ;
The swagg'ring swindler, and the bashful clown ;
The robe of tissue, and the kerfey gown. 1120
Thence faithful *Tatterfal* (P) with peril bore
His exil'd sov'reign to the Gallic shore :
His anchor weigh'd in silence and the dark,
With cautious helm he shunn'd each doubtful bark,
Till *Charles*, preserv'd from fierce rebellion's hand,
With rapture hail'd the friendly, foreign strand.
Nor his, fair town, the only royal name
That lends a lustre to thy rising fame :
A prince, accomplish'd and belov'd as he,
Has grac'd the margin of thy healthful sea ; 1130
'Mid splendid circles pres'd the verdant *Steine* ;
Thy paupers fed, and cheer'd the festive scene.
But my harsh pipet's rude applause were vain,
While others sing the praise, in polish'd strain,
Of gracious princes, and more gracious kings, 1135
Immortal, faultleſs, heav'n commission'd things,

Whofe

Whose chast'ning taxes check our sinful pride ;
Whose wholesome wars drain life's plethoric tide ;
Whose goodness g—ds the coarse plebeian's face,
And smiles on courtiers with seraphic grace. 1140

Yet faint the Muse, ere this bright scene she leaves,
Wou'd bow, like Joseph's visionary sheaves,
With due obeisance to the tuneful fair,
Whose lyre lends sweetness to the trem'bling air.

'Tis CHARLOTTE * sings : Ye profligate attend :
Her dulcet strains will captivate and mend. 1146
Ye brilliant Belles, vain triflers of the day,
Receive instruction from her moral lay.
With private worth, her public fame's combin'd ;
The shell of Sappho with Cornelia's mind. 1150

The *Down* survey'd, and Ocean's fairest shore,
It last remains the chequer'd *Weald* t'explore.
There mansions, lawns, and woods umbrageous vie,
Which first shall charm and longest fix the eye :

* Mrs. Charlotte Smith, whose literary merit yields only to her exemplary virtues in the most trying situations of domestic life.

There

There Art and Nature, in confusion gay, 1155
The work of men and care of Gods display :
There vine-clad cottages own Bacchus' care ;
And Flora's fragrant bounties brighten there :
There swelt'ring trav'lers seek Sylvanus' shade,
Where oak-crown'd Dryads weave the cool arcade :
Fair flocks and herds there Pan and Pales ward ;
And gardens prove Pomona's rich regard :
There Ceres, Goddess of the cultur'd foil,
With bounteous crop rewards the farmer's toil :
More justly priz'd those waving treasures shine,
Than all the ingot's of Potosi's mine : 1166
There blushing clover on a ground of green,
And golden rape, adorn the painted scene :
There climbs convolvulus, diffusely gay,
And woodbine, foster'd by the hawthorn spray ; 1170
In British vineyard see the fragrant hop
Attempts, ingrate ! its patron pole to top :
There gilded furzes, like our Nabobs, stand
A gaudy nuisance that impairs the land :
Nor les the glory of the vary'd scene, 1175
The scatter'd broom in clumps of gold and green.

Both

Both plants, so gay, are Nature's vainest beaux,
Whose greatest worth consists in flashy cloaths :
Th' Elder, whose luster'd flowers lately spread
Both shade and sweetness o'er the verdant mead, 1180
Now bends with berries, which the good wife's care
For winter beverage shall soon prepare :
The juice express'd and barrel'd by receipt,
When snows descend, will prove a cordial treat
To neighbouring dames and journey man divine, 1185
Who pun and gossip o'er their *pop-gun* wine.
There sacred spires o'er look the nodding grove,
Whose gilded vanes in one direction move,
Like grandeur's supple crew, whose tongues accord
In abject praise or echo to my Lord : 1190
There bask secure the manor despot's game ;
And feudal castles damn the Norman name :
There rattling roads receive a motley train ;
The Gypsey and his sumpter afs the lane, 1194
Where brats and bunters, hoary knaves and young,
Squall, scold and squabble with intemp'rate tongue :
There silver streams indignant sweep the bay,
And thro' rich meads in maze irriguous play,

While

While, strong in med'cine and chalybeate mine,
Empurpled currents in the forest shine. 1200
But long the furnace and its smelte^d ore
Have cool'd and crumbled on this fertile shore :
The toil Cyclopians spurns the Sussex swain,
Enrich'd with herds and flocks and plenteous grain.
Those glowing works now light Salopia's dales, 1205
Where fiery caldrons heat the northern gales,
And fair Sabrina * fears old Zanthus' fate,
Whose seething streams own'd angry Vulcan's hate.
There waves the Oak with leafy limbs outspread,
Gigantic waist, and cloud-dispelling head, 1210
Where shuns Minerva's bird the glare of day ;
Where gloomy culvers ride the rocking spray,
With cautious eye observe each leaf that moves,
And in hoarse numbers vent their plaintive loves ;
Where seeks the speckled thrush meridian shade 1215
And fruit of Miffelto, by song repaid :
Not so the wood-pecker, whose busy claw
And thankless bill explore each little flaw,

* The river Severn.

Which

Which malice magnifies in treble tale,
Along the woodland, and the echoing vale. 1220

So marks the witling, at a festive board,
The harmless foibles of its gen'rous lord,
And spirits his flander with ungrateful glee,
Profaning sacred hospitality.

That rev'rend oak, still vigorous and green, 1225

Of circling years two centuries hath seen,
And unimpair'd shall yet for ages stand,
If not remov'd t'enrich or guard the land.

Whene'er fate wrest him from his native wood,
His vasty limbs to lave in Neptune's flood, 1230

The widow'd Dryads, on the vocal shore,
Their Lord's tremendous fall shall deep deplore :

But he, attended by a Nereid train
And Tritons, minstrels of the glassy main,
O'er coral groves, and pearly vales will go, 1235

Unhurt and heedless of the silvan woe ;
With fearless flag will hail the foreign shore
Where war or wares his fire and grandfire bore.

With him blithe Fancy skims the distant deep ;
O'er navy'd Ocean takes her halcyon sweep; 1240

With patriot pride surveys each story'd coast,
Preserv'd or punish'd by a British host ;
Now peers prophetic into Time's deep womb,
And reads the smiling traits of joys to come ;
Sees Sussex Oak disdain the martial freight 1245
Which murders man to glut a monarch's hate ;
Sees peace and freedom spread their mild domain
Where war and tyrants now united reign ;
Sees Superstition fly from reason's ray,
And darkling nations blest with mental day ; 1250
Sees faith and government on Nature's plan,
And priests and princes cease to prey on man ;
One great republic fees from pole to pole,
Each state a member of that happy whole. 1254

ERRATA :

- Page 7, in the Note, for villine read villein.
Line 150, for equa read equals.
Line 284, (,) omitted after politics.
Line 651, for law read last.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

(A) THE *South Downs* are a range of fertile and picturesque hills which elevate and adorn the coast of Sussex. They are, in general, composed of the purest chalk, variegated with strata of flint, either formed into stones of the most irregular shapes, or in luminous beds running parallel with the thicker strata of chalk. Their surface presents the most beautiful turf and delightful scenery, at the same time that every eminence swells into an Observatory which commands the changing perspective of the British Channel, and the varied beauties of the neighbouring *Weald*.

(B) In 1730, William Hay, Esq. late of Glindbourne, near Lewes, published a Poem, called *Mount Caburn*, from a beautiful and commanding eminence of one of the Downs near his seat, still inclosed by a circular line of vallation, and formerly a military post and beacon for the protection or annoyance of Lewes.

(C) The narrow vallies of the *South Downs* are called *Combes*, or *Denes*. They never completely sever that lofty range. Their direction is generally from South to North: The *Dene* is wider than a *Combe*, and the acclivity of its sides more easy of ascent.

(D) The author humbly believes that our enormous manufactures and luxurious Trade, for the most part under the direction of Monopoly, are hostile to the moral, political, and physical welfare of this country. However unpopular this opinion may be, he can hardly be induced to alter it until convinced that freedom is promoted by a monied Aristocracy, Virtue by purse-proud debauchery, Health by the corrosive effluvia of fossils and metals, and Strength by the enervation of eastern luxury. In a fertile country like this, agriculture and internal

commerce are the natural sources of national power and prosperity. Our fishery is another important object of local cultivation: and the distributive impartiality of nature seems to have reserved that as a succedaneous employment and support for those parts of the island where husbandry cannot be so profitably pursued.

China, the most populous and flourishing empire of the modern world, subsists in that state without the aid of foreign commerce: and in no country is the importation of more than the necessary and simple conveniences of life, reconcilable with true policy. Any thing beyond that, is *luxury*; a national poison which impairs the public nerve and mind, at the same time that it swells a few into gigantic monsters that destroy the equality, and insult the sacred prerogatives of nature. But the progress of political illumination all over Europe, threatens speedily to precipitate those golden calves from the pedestal of popular veneration. In this country there is reason to hope that tranquill and dignified remonstrance alone, will happily effect every necessary repair of its excellent constitution. The English patriot has not, as in other nations of Europe, to contend with an imperious Aristocracy, who have long endeavoured to classify mankind into physical as well as political diversity, like the tribes of irrational and vegetative being.

Among our most ancient nobility, and wealthiest traders, are to be found many who would cheerfully sacrifice hereditary and professional monopoly at the shrine of public justice and tranquillity. Under the acquiescence, and even auspices of such men, may we hope soon to see the bloody balance of regal power, the exclusive establishment of foreign commerce, notwithstanding bloody, the despotic juggl of excise, and the present odious remains of feudalism, sent to mourn with crusades, chivalry, witchcraft and nationality, within the oblique dungeon of departed ignorance,

(E) *Tiberius* and *Caius Gracchus*, two patriotic brothers of Rome, descended from one of the most illustrious and virtuous families of that city, saw the alarming increase of luxury and aristocratic influence in the state, and successively attempted to stem the torrent of corruption by renewing the *Licinian law*, which had wisely fixed a barrier against the enormous ditation of individuals: but they fell the martyrs of abortive patriotism; and the elements of Roman massacre and tyranny were written in their blood.

The *Ostracism* of Athens, and the *Petalism* of Syracuse, were adopted for the same wise purpose, and proved the happiest institutions of those free states. But at last aristocratic policy effected, and despotism succeeded, the suspension of those salutary preventives.

(F) An incredible improvement in the condition of shepherds, might, in time, be effected by the judgment and philanthropy of *pastoral societies*. That useful description of our fellow-citizens, is now left to vegetate in solitary ignorance. Their employment generally precludes them from the public instruction and duties of the Sabbath. They live without any brightened source of mental pleasure, and die without those lively hopes and prospects of a glorious futurity, which animate the dying moments of the instructed christian. Their services and situation call loudly for redress. The man that munificently pays his dog-teacher or horse-breaker, and will not contribute towards the instruction of a long neglected class of his brethren, may hereafter be called to an unpleasant account by the justice of their common father. The lady who gives an exorbitant price for the gay plumage of a tropic bird, or the stale notes of a piping bullfinch, would, it is to be hoped, readily lend her patronage to a society for improving the shepherd's mind, and making our romantic scenery vocal with the pastoral pipe.

The very laudable institution of Sunday-schools, would facilitate such a plan as is here recommended. The young shepherd, taught there to read, would soon learn to think and make useful observations in his diurnal range of contemplative solitude. He should be furnished with books explaining, in familiar language, so much of botany, zoology, mineralogy, veterinary knowledge and meteorology as may be attainable and necessary in his situation. In such a compilation, the writer of this note would chearfully lend his best assistance. Every shepherd under the patronage of a pastoral society, should keep a regular account of the state of the weather each day at the hours of *six, nine, twelve, three, six and nine*, and communicate such prognostics of it as he might have discerned in the atmosphere or in any other circumstances of the season. The precise time of the flowering of each plant, the budding and blooming of each shrub and tree, the nestling, sexual distinctions, and breeding of each bird, the first appearance and migration of birds of passage, a calendar of the periodical appearance of insects, and their apparent use in the wise dispensation of nature, similar attention to reptiles and wild quadrupeds, the genealogy, accidents, diseases, improvements and other circumstances of their flocks, the training of their dogs, and the diseases to which they are most subject themselves, should be noted in the shepherds' diaries. Books and musical instruments should be given at the quarterly meetings of the society, and premiums adjudged for every discovery, improvement or other peculiar merit relative to pastorals, or any other specified object of their daily observation. A pension for life should be paid out of the fund of the society, to every shepherd who could produce annual certificates of his merit, to the age of sixty years. A regular correspondence could be established between the secretaries of the several societies in Great Britain and Ireland, and their transactions periodically published. Thus would the shepherd's loneliness and leisure be turned to the noblest account, and the most cheerless and uninformed of our peasantry, rise into respectable and even

valuable

valuable contributors to the most useful and pleasing branches of human science.

(G) The reprehensible neglect of botany, one of the most desireable and elegant objects of female investigation, makes an explanatory note rather necessary in this place. If the pretty virago, who affects the coarse accomplishments of a Toxophilite or fencer, would range the fields with the foot and eye of a botanist, the healthful glow of exercise and rational curiosity would improve her mind, and heighten her charms, a rival or emblem of which she may find in every plant that blooms.

Lady's Bedstraw, (Gallium Verum) a low plant with a yellow flower, very common on the South Downs.

Lady's Finger, (Anthyllis) with a yellow flower, very common on the South Downs, and excellent pasture for sheep.

Lady's Mantle, (Alchemilla.)

Lady's Slipper, (Cypripedium) a beautiful and rare plant of the Orchis tribe.

Lady's Cubion (Saxifraga Hypnoides) grows naturally on rocks and mountains, and is cultivated in gardens as an edging for borders.

Lady's Grafts or *Lady's Traces*, (Phalaris arundinacea) is cultivated in gardens. Its beautiful stripes are generally an alternation of white and green.

Virgin's Bower (Clematis Vitalba) a twining plant, common in hedges, with clustered, whitish flowers.

Lady's-

Lady's Seal, (Tamus) a climbing plant with a white flower, common in Sussex and many other counties of England.

Lady's Smock, (Cardamine) bears a flower of transcendent whiteness.

(H) The highest spring of the river Ouse, is in St. Leonard's Forest, and another at Selsfield on the borders of Worth-forest, both being fragments of the great forest of *Coid Addred* or *Andredswald*.

(I) A very simple and not ineffectual method of catching eels in and near the river Ouse, is that of *treading*, which is generally effected by trampling a muddy ditch or the sloping sides of the river, while the *treader* or his associate holds down a basket to intercept the eels so trodden out of the mud.

Bobbing for eels with a bunch of Brandlings or other bait-worms strung on a thread, is also very common on the same river.

(K) Here it is humbly presumed that consequences alone constitute the difference in point of moral turpitude between the wanton destruction of a rational and irrational animal. The future happiness of the former may be deeply affected by an unprovided death: and the feelings and even interest of his surviving relations or countrymen, may considerably suffer from his untimely fate. But if any case can be supposed where no such effects would ensue, the annotator is yet to learn where the difference would then lie between the duke's and his dogs' right to exemption from torture, or even to existence, the common boon of nature to both.

Man has established a cruel and bloody Aristocracy in animated nature. Ours is the upper house; and its usurped privileges

vileges are of the most savage kind. The monarch and mouse, have alike received their being from the beneficent hand of nature: and unnecessary pain *equally inflicted* on the sensibility of both, is *equally offensive* to their common parent.

Noxious animals, whether rats or Russians, justly forfeit their lives, if there be no gentler mode of prevention: and nature seems to have designed that many of her children should prey on their weaker brethren. We see such a system prevail through the numerous gradations of life. But in this long anti-climax of carnage, we seldom or never see the brute disgraced by cruelty or unnecessary thirst for slaughter. The cat indeed seems to have learned from her inmate, man, to growl over her prostrate captive, and seek amusement in the lingering tortures of a fellow animal.

Much allowance is, no doubt, to be made for the prejudices of education: but those prejudices should be strenuously combated and destroyed. The voice of reason loudly proclaims that, if man be the lord, he should not be the tyrant, of the creation; that *feeling* is inseparable from *animation*; and that the malice and guilt of cruelty is to be estimated rather by the sensibility of the suffering animal, than by its supposed rank in the scale of being. If we expect mercy from above, we should shew it to those beneath us.

Religion is simple as the God-head she adores. Goodwill towards man and his fellow tenants of this globe, is genuine piety to their common Creator: Without it our creeds are mere dead letter; and with it no creed can be essentially erroneous. The bigot's spiritual, as well as the feudalist's temporal, monopoly is nearly at an end. The quaintness of obsolete liturgies will soon give way to the more divine effusions of universal benevolence from the enlightened mind of man. God is more truly pleased and worshipped in acts of benignity to his creatures,

tures, than in all the pompous parade of superstition, or in the adulatory canticles of vociferous devotion.

The most beneficial and god-like virtue that dwells on earth is, in flattery to man, entitled *humanity*. But our camps, our gaols, our scaffolds, and even our habitations will prove it an arrant misnomer. Let it be no longer so. The human heart has been organized for generosity and compassion: and a glorious revolution in sentiment begins now to prevail. Let then the voice of virtue and unshackled reason assert their divine influence, and, in gracious unison, proscribe each absurd and bloody prejudice. Then indeed will man prove his high descent, and the faithful representative of heaven.

(L) The small river Asten has its chief source at Penhurst near *Battle*, and flows into the British Channel at Sluice Haven, eastward of Pevensey, where the Normans landed.

(M) Magnus, the third son of king Harold, having, with his brothers and some troops from Ireland, wasted the western coasts of England, and slain Ednoth, who had been master of the horse to their father, but afterwards a supporter of the Norman usurpation in this island, retired at last to a cell near Lewes, where he lived a hermit. This account of him is authenticated by our best historians, and by his epitaph in leonine verses still legible in the south wall of St. John's church in Lewes, and most probably written by the priest to whom he made himself known on his death bed.

Clauditur hic miles, Danorum regia proles,
Magnus nomen ei, magnæ nota progenei :
Deponens Magnum, se moribus induit Agnum :
Præpete pro vita, sit parvulus Anachorita.

(N) The battle of Lewes was fought on Spittle-hill near that town, on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of May, 1264, between king Henry the third and Simon Montfort, earl of Leicester, who was chief of the patriotic confederacy: and the victory of that day was productive of the first regular outlines of our national representation, of a glorious example to posterity, and an awful lesson to princes.

(O) In the famous battle of Poictiers, John, king of France, yielded himself prisoner to Sir Dennis Morbeck, a knight of Artois: but he was afterwards wrested from the hands of his captor; and more than ten knights and esquires claimed the honour of retaking him. But Sir Roger La War, lord La War, and John Pelham, esquire, afterwards knighted, were judged the best intitled to the honour of his recapture; in memory of which, the former was permitted to bear the crampet or chape of the royal sword on his shield, the latter the buckle of the sword belt, which with a cage, an emblem of captivity, still distinguishes the arms of his noble descendants.

(P) Nicholas Tattersal, master of a coal-brig belonging to Brighthelmston, was engaged by colonel Gunter and a Mr. Mansel to carry some passengers to France, and on being introduced to them, recognised Charles the Second, then on his flight from the inauspicious battle of Worcester. But the honest seaman instead of betraying the life of his sovereign, ventured his own in his service; immediately set sail, and landed the king and his companions at Fescamp in Normandy.

(1)

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